Mr J Charlesworth

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

The Christian Freeman.

A Monthly Unitarian Journal.

DEVOTED TO RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

With an Eight Page Supplement of "RECORD OF UNITARIAN WORTHIES."

No. 2.—VOL. XIX.] FEBRUARY, 1875. [NEW SERIES.—PRICE 1½d.

Notes of the Month.

HOME AND ABROAD.

THE ARIANISING FACTION.—The *Church Times* stigmatises the Broad Church party as an Arian (or Unitarian) faction; and says we had better have disestablishment at once than go on any longer with them in the Church.

BUXTON NEW CHAPEL.—A gentleman informs us that to the eleven new Unitarian chapels to be opened in 1875, we may add "The beautiful new chapel at Buxton, which will cost upwards of £2000: and is expected to be opened on Good Friday of this year."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL ASSOCIATION has published an invaluable catalogue of books for the young, compiled by Unitarian ladies. We advise parents to send for a copy, which will be forwarded, post free, for 6d. Address, I. M. Wade, 37, Norfolk-street, Strand, London.

SIGNS AND TENDENCIES.—A paper remarkable for its liberality in theology and ecclesiastical matters was read in December, by a surgeon of Islington, in the school-room of Dr. Allon's chapel. It gave some offence to members of the congregation, which has led this gentleman to withdraw, and join himself to Mr. Clayden's congregation at Kentish Town. The circulation of the lecture among his old friends will have some liberalising influence.

MOODY AND SANKEY.—One of our ministers informs us that Moody tells the people in some of his addresses he was formerly a Unitarian. Our correspondent infers that it may be from this cause the movement lacks the "hell-fire element," and is much more largely infused with the love of God than revival movements have generally been. He thinks that no Unitarian ought to treat with contempt the efforts of these men, for they are unquestionably doing good. Their bad grammar is more than compensated for by their good sense. Those who doubt this let them go and hear for themselves. So says our active and successful Unitarian friend.

THE STATE CHURCH AND ROMANISM.—Mr. Capel says that forty of the Roman Catholic clergy in London formerly belonged to the English Church. Surely men will cease to say this Church is the bulwark of Protestantism.

HOSPITAL SUNDAY.—The Committee of the Hospital Sunday movement in London have published their report, and sent it to all concerned. We are glad that the £151, in 1873, collected among the Unitarian churches in London, has increased to £203 in 1874. This does not show that we are, as some say, on the decline in London. There are two more churches in London in 1874 than in any previous year of the history of the Unitarian movement.

THE NEW VOLUME OF CHANNING.—The *Christian World* says of the new volume recently published by the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, "The Perfect Life:"—"This addition will be heartily welcome to all who love the name and works of Channing. It bears all the marks of his large-hearted sympathy, great thoughtfulness, and devout reverence. We have felt the inspiration of this noble man's convictions and spiritual experience as we have made ourselves familiar with these beautiful discourses."

UNITARIAN LOSS AND GAIN.—Newspapers up and down the country have made public a very singular fact—that is, the Rev. Mr. Crompton, formerly the Unitarian minister of Norwich, has joined the Established Church. We unfeignedly regret the loss of any minister from our Church. It is but right to add that Mr. Crompton has for over twenty years stood aloof from our principles and movements. During the last quarter of a century we have heard of only other two of our ministers joining the Establishment. Here we may note the interesting fact that though we have little to give to those who join our ranks, of either emolument or honour, no less than seventy-three Unitarian ministers now in the United Kingdom have come to us from the Church of England, Independent, Methodist, Baptist, or other Trinitarian Churches.

THE COST OF CRIME.—One of our modern cities boasts of having received in one year nearly £100,000 for public-house licenses: and has been reminded it paid the same year £300,000, the cost of crime, the result of these houses.

AN EXAMPLE.—Our Unitarian friends at Newchurch have just opened a splendid schoolroom capable of accommodating about 500 persons. Above this there is a gallery carried round the room which forms the entrance into 14 classrooms (seven on each side), arranged to accommodate from 16 to 20 persons each. The members of this Church are nearly all working-class people.

THE CLERICAL PARTY.—Victor Hugo has just delivered sentence on the clerical party in France, and says "it was that party which scourged Pinelli with rods for saying that the stars could not fall, which put Campanella seven times to the question for asserting that there was an infinite number of worlds, which persecuted Harvey for showing that the blood circulated, &c. &c."

THE BIBLE CLASS.—An orthodox paper says that the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, of Boston, one of the most learned, popular, and eminent of the Unitarian ministers of the Western Continent, has a weekly bible class attended by nearly 200 persons. We have frequently heard our scholarly friend, Mr. Samuel Sharpe, say that our ministers would be more useful, and our churches prosper better, if we all studied the Bible more, and explained it to the young. Let us do so.

PRONOUNCED UNIVERSALISM.—Our Universalist friends, of the United States, sometimes ask if we are pronounced Universalists? We answer "yes." And we commend to them the leader in the *Unitarian Herald* of a few weeks ago, which reprehends the annihilationists of the orthodox churches in the following words:—"Against annihilation as against eternal woe there are the sufficient objections that it falsifies the real essence and purpose of punishment, and that it destroys all moral apprehension of God."

SUNDAY UMBRELLAS.—It is rather perplexing to some minds to know where the umbrellas that are out on week days are put on the Sunday. One of the last words of a good friend of ours who recently died near London, and who asked his daughter on a stormy Sunday afternoon if she was going to the Sunday-school? It was very wet and windy, and the distance was very great as well. His child said it was a very stormy day. He said, I never once allowed a wet or stormy day to interfere with my going to Sunday-school. His daughter went.

LAY PREACHING.—Some of our people do not like lay preaching. If our laymen could preach a few sermons like that of the famous American General Sherman, who said the other day he could give his religious faith in the following words:—"I believe that if people only act half as well as they know how, God will forgive the rest." Lay preaching like this would soon be popular.

PAUL AND MODERN PREACHERS.—A secular paper takes the Christian ministry to task in the following way, as the Editor had heard of the resolution of a minister to accept a call if the church was made more beautiful and the salary raised:—"Imagine Paul of Tarsus replying to the cry from Macedonia: Yes, I'll be over; but you must put up an extra awning and come down with an abundance of shekels."

THE BIBLE AND THE PULPIT.—The *Christian Register* of America says that they learn that "a special feature of some Unitarian services in England is that the Lessons are selected from the Buddhist, Chinese, Hindu, Parsee, Arabian, Scandinavian, &c., Scriptures, and modern devotional literature, as well as from the Scriptures of the Jews and Christians. An American minister tried this experiment occasionally fifteen years ago, but it did not succeed. Perhaps it will prosper better now in London. This remains to be proved."

THE BRAHMO SOMAJ AND CHRISTIANITY.—Baboo Mozoomdar said, in one of his speeches while among us:—"The name of Christ was not a name that was heard with indifference or with hostility among the advanced thinkers of India. They had come to feel that to that soul they all owed a deep debt, which could not be repaid by the best and purest of lives which they could live in this world. Christians and Brahmos were approaching a common ground where they were destined to meet as friends and brothers."

JOHN STUART MILL AND RELIGION.—It appears that J. S. Mill was not so heterodox as some of his atheistic friends thought, and they treat his memory now rather harshly. The *Spectator* says that "it is a little hard on Mr. John Stuart Mill that the school which once treated him as an oracle now turns round on him because he has in many respects transgressed its very narrow limits, and speaks of him as little better than a crack-brained fanatic. There are no worse bigots and persecutors than many men who complain bitterly of the intolerance of others, and deserters from the most radical ranks are almost as sure to be shot as if they left a very conservative party."

HELPING THE CHURCH OF ROME.—M. Capel says that Pusey, Liddon, &c., of the State Church, "are, beyond doubt, disseminating the doctrines of the Roman Church."

HOPEFUL FOR MEXICO.—It is said that there were only six Protestant churches in Mexico in 1869, but now there are ninety-eight. If they increase sixteen-fold in the next five years there will be fifteen hundred and sixty-eight at the close of 1879.

THE PRIMATE ON PRIESTISM.—The Archbishop of Canterbury said, on a recent occasion, to the clergy, that he should greatly regret their becoming more exclusive—more of a separate class—than at present. He warned them against this error, and advised them "to mingle together freely with one another," and to "associate with those who do not belong to our Church."

THE QUEEN DECLINES.—It is said that a wealthy English clergyman, probably scandalised by Queen Victoria's proclivity for attending the Scotch kirk during her summer visits to Balmoral, offered lately to build a church there of the Episcopalian persuasion at his own expense, but was dissuaded by the Queen, who thought it would *harm the cause of religion* among her Highland neighbours.

MEMORIALS OF PRIESTLEY.—A volume has been published at 2s. 6d., bearing the above title, by the British and Foreign Unitarian Association, with a neatly-executed engraving of the statue of Priestley at Birmingham. Miss Emily Sharpe has written an excellent pamphlet, "The Life of Priestley," twenty-four pages, which can be had for 1d. The book, including the pamphlet, will be sent post free for 2s. 6d. The pamphlet alone post free for 1½d. Address, H. Brace, 37, Norfolk-street, Strand, London.

FELLOWSHIP WITH UNITARIANS.—The *Independent*, a leading paper of the Congregationalists of the United States, in an editorial on the probability of greater fellowship with the Unitarians, writes :—"It will not, of course, be supposed by anyone that these courtesies involve an endorsement by either body of all the doctrines of the other. Nothing of the sort is understood. It is only meant that the bodies thus expressing fellowship have confidence enough in each other's Christian character and purposes to treat each other as Christian neighbours, and not as heathen men and publicans. That acts of fraternal recognition—meaning just this and no more—will be practised increasingly between Unitarians and Orthodox Congregationalists is tolerably certain. This is the way the tide is flowing, and it will be too much for Mrs. Partington and her broom."

SCENES IN LAPLAND.—A curious religious frenzy has broken out among the Christian Laplanders. When their communion service begins, women spring up in different parts of the church, jump, shout, and clap their hands, most of the congregation being drawn into the excitement.

HYMNS.—A writer in the *English Churchman's Magazine* calculates that there are 17,000 hymns in the mother-tongue, of which but 216 have been accepted into general use by the English Church. Of the latter number, 24 are by Watts, 21 by Wesley, 10 by Montgomery, 11 by Heber, 9 by Newton, 9 by Tate and Brady, 8 each by Cowper and Doddridge, and 5 each by Keble, Kelley and Neale, and 5 only by "Anon." Is it not a curious specimen of ignorance that not one Unitarian hymn writer is named in the above list, while some of the most beautiful hymns, and popular too, in orthodox hymn-books, have been composed by Bowring, Williams, Flower, &c.

UNITARIAN APATHY REBUKED.—In a reply of Robert Young, LL.D., of Edinburgh, to a tract written by Dr. Vance Smith, he says :—"I have never joined in the cry 'that Unitarians are not Christians.' I have no admiration of the Nicene, Athanasian, or any other creed, &c. He says 'You add "Hell is burning as fiercely as ever, and tens of thousands are daily falling into it."' And what are you Unitarians doing to prevent all this? We give our money, our time, our influence, our energies, our whole soul, to tell men of a Gracious Father, who 'so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' But what do Unitarians do to communicate this great love to their fellow men, either in this or in other lands? Who ever heard of a Unitarian missionary to the heathen, except, indeed, as following occasionally in the wake of the self-denying missionaries of the Cross of Christ? This is, indeed, the most 'damning' sin, in my estimation, of Unitarians and their system. The last parting command of the compassionate Saviour, who wept so much over perishing sinners, to 'preach the gospel to every creature,' is by them systematically neglected, and has always been so, and, I fear, will continue to be so, till the love of Christ constrain them to address Him in the words of Thomas, 'My Lord and my God.'" We may remind Dr. Young that we have not been all so idle all the day long. But we shall take his words to heart and try and be more zealous, without adopting his views of the person of Christ.

PUT YOURSELF IN MY PLACE.

"I CANNOT wait any longer. I must have my money, and if you cannot pay it, I must foreclose the mortgage and sell the place," said Mr. Merton.

"In that case," said Mr. Bishop, "it will, of course, be sold at a great sacrifice, and after all the struggles I have made, my family will again be homeless. It is very hard. I only wish you had to earn your money as I do mine; you might then know something of the hard life of a poor man. If you could only in imagination put yourself in my place, I think you would have a little mercy on me."

The poor man rose from his seat and walked sadly out of Mr. Merton's office; his last hope was gone. He had just recovered from a long fit of illness, which had swallowed up the means with which he had intended to make the last payment on his house. True, that gentleman had waited one year, when he had failed to meet the demand, owing to illness in his family, and he had felt very much obliged to him for doing so. This year he had been laid up for several months, during which he could earn nothing, and all his savings were then needed for the support of himself and family. Again he had failed, and now he would again be homeless, and have to begin the world anew. Had Heaven forsaken him and given him over to the tender mercies of the wicked?

After he had left the office, Mr. Merton could not drive away from his thoughts that remark to which the poor man in his grief had given utterance. "I wish you had to earn your money as I do mine."

In the midst of a row of figures, "put yourself in my place" intruded.

Once after it had crossed his mind, he laid down his pen, saying, "Well, I think I should find it rather hard. I have a mind to drop in there this afternoon, and see how it fares with his family; that man has roused my curiosity."

About five o'clock, he put on a grey wig and some old, cast-off clothes, walked to the residence of Mr. Bishop, and knocked at the door. Mrs. Bishop, a pale, weary-looking woman, opened it; the poor old man requested permission to enter and rest awhile, saying he was very tired with his long journey, for he had walked many miles that day.

Mrs. Bishop cordially invited him in, and gave him the best seat the room afforded. She then began to make preparations for tea. The old gentleman watched her attentively. He saw there was no elasticity in her step, no hope in her movements, and pity for her began to steal into his heart. When her husband entered, her features relaxed into a smile, and she forced a cheerfulness into her manner. The traveller noted it all; and he felt himself forced to admire this woman who could assume a cheerfulness she did not feel for her husband's sake. After the table was prepared, there was nothing upon it but bread, butter, and tea. They invited the stranger to eat with them, saying, "We have not much to offer you, but a cup of tea will refresh you after your long journey."

He accepted their hospitality, and as they discussed the frugal meal, he led them, without seeming to do so, to talk of their affairs.

"I bought this piece of land," said Mr. Bishop, "at a very low price, and instead of waiting, as I ought to have done, until I had saved the money to build, I thought I would borrow. The interest on the money would not be nearly as much as the rent I was paying, and I would be saving something by doing it. I did not think there would be any difficulty in paying back the borrowed money. But the first year my wife and one of my children were ill, and the expense left me without the means to pay the debt. Mr. Merton agreed to wait another year, if I would pay the interest. I did that. This year I was for seven months unable to work at my trade and earn anything; and of course when pay day comes round, and this is very soon, I shall again be unable to meet the demand."

"But," said the stranger, "will not Mr. Merton wait another year, if you make all circumstances known to him?"

"No, sir," replied Mr. Bishop.

"He must be very hard-hearted," replied the traveller.

"Not necessarily so," said Mr. Bishop. "The fact is, these rich men know nothing of the struggles of the poor. They are men just like the rest of mankind, and I am sure if they had but the faintest idea of what the poor have to pass through, their hearts and their purses would open. You know it has passed into a proverb, 'When a poor man needs assistance, he should apply to the poor.' If Mr. Merton had the least idea of what I and my family had to pass through, I think he would be willing to wait several years for his money, rather than distress us."

With what emotion the stranger listened may be imagined. A new world was being opened to him. He was passing through an experience that had never been his before. Shortly after the conclusion of the meal, he rose to take his leave, thanking Mr. and Mrs. Bishop for their kind hospitality. They invited him to stay all night, telling him he was welcome to what they had.

He thanked them and said, "I will trespass on your kindness no longer. I think I can reach the next village before dark, and be so much further on my journey."

Mr. Merton did not sleep much that night. He lay awake thinking. He had received a new revelation. The poor had always been associated in his mind with stupidity and ignorance, and the first poor family he had visited he had found far in advance, in intelligent sympathy and real politeness, of the fashionable butterflies of the day.

The next day a boy called at the cottage and left a package in a large blue envelope, addressed to Mr. Bishop.

Mrs. Bishop was very much alarmed when she took it; for large blue envelopes were associated in her mind with law and lawyers, and thought that it boded no good. She put it away until her husband came home from work, when she handed it to him.

He opened it in silence, read its contents, and said frequently, "Thank Heaven!"

"What is it, John?" inquired his anxious wife.

"Good news, wife," replied John; "such news that I had never hoped for, or even dreamed of."

"Mr. Merton has cancelled the mortgage, released me from the debt, both the interest and principal, and says any time I need any further assistance if I will let him know, I shall have it."

"I am so glad, it puts a new life into me," said the now happy wife. "But what can have come over Mr. Merton?"

"I do not know. It seems strange after the way he talked to me yesterday morning. I will go right over to his office and tell him how happy he has made us."

He found Mr. Merton in, and expressed his gratitude in glowing terms.

"What could have induced you," he asked, "to show us so much kindness?"

"I followed your suggestion," replied Mr. Merton, "and put myself in your place. I expect it would surprise you very much to learn that the strange traveller to whom you showed so much kindness yesterday was myself."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Bishop, "can that be true? How did you disguise yourself so well?"

"I was not so much disguised after all, but you could not very readily associate Mr. Merton, the lawyer, with a poor way-faring man—ha! ha!" laughed Mr. Merton.

"Well, it is a good joke," said Mr. Bishop; "good in more senses than one. It has terminated very pleasantly for me."

"I was surprised," said Mr. Merton, "at the broad and liberal views you expressed of men and their actions generally. I supposed I had greatly the advantage over you in means, education, and culture; yet how cramped and narrow-minded have been my views beside yours! That wife of yours is an estimable woman, and that boy of yours will be an honour to any man; I tell you, Bishop," said the lawyer, becoming animated, "you are rich—rich beyond what money can make you. You have treasures that gold cannot buy. I tell you, you owe me no thanks. Somehow I seem to have lived years since yesterday morning. I have got into a new world. What I learned at your house is worth more than you owe me, and I am your debtor yet. Hereafter, I shall take as my motto, 'Put yourself in his place,' and try to regulate my actions by it."

UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY.

By Samuel Sharpe.

1.—When we look at the earth beneath our feet, the plants, the animals, the men and women around us, the sun, moon, and stars in the heavens, we naturally ask, Who created them all? for nothing comes into being without a cause. To gain a knowledge of the unseen Creator we must study the created works which we have seen. Such works must have had a Powerful Cause. The unseen Cause, the Maker of all things, we call God. This is the language of the Bible, where we read, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth" (Genesis i. 1).

2.—On looking at these created works more closely, we are further struck with the Wisdom of God, who has fitted every part of the creation to its own purpose; so much so, that when we meet with anything (say one thing in a thousand) which for a moment might make us judge otherwise, it is more reasonable to think that our judgment is in fault, rather than the Creator's wisdom.

3.—Moreover, God's Power and Wisdom are not limited to our earth. They are seen everywhere. Astronomers who observe the motions of the moon and planets, and the pace at which light travels from them to us, teach us that the heavenly bodies, even to the most distant stars, are all guided by the same Wisdom; and every almanac, by foretelling the motions and places of these bodies, assures us that the astronomers are right. So the Psalmist tells us to look in that direction for evidence of God's wisdom, saying:—

"The heavens declare the glory of God,
And the firmament showeth his handiwork"

No part of the creation is left to chance; and, so far as our limited faculties allow us to judge, we may declare that God is All-wise, All-powerful, and everywhere present.

4.—From this it follows that God is One, simple and undivided. There cannot be a second such Being everywhere present. The one would contain the other. Every scheme of theology which supposes a Second or a Third such Being, lowers the character of the First. And this is what the Bible tells us in the words of Deuteronomy, quoted by Jesus: "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord" (Mark xii. 29).

Hence we reject Polytheism, or the belief in many Gods, and also the Trinity in Unity, or the belief in Three Persons in one God; and also the belief in a Devil, or evil being with power to thwart, even for a time, God's purposes; and also the doctrine of the two natures of Jesus Christ, that he was God as well as man, at least in the sense in which we use the word God. If we call him a Son of God, it is only as all good men and women have been called Children of God (Matt. v. 9).

5.—With equal certainty we may rely on the Justice of this All-wise Being; and we reject the doctrine of mankind being punished for Adam's wrong-doing; and also the Atonement, or the vicarious suffering of Jesus to pay the penalty for the sin of others. Want of justice is want of wisdom.

6.—When we further turn our attention inwards to our own heart and feelings, and then to the feelings of others, we find the Goodness of God shown in the great degree by which happiness exceeds unhappiness in all human beings. It has, indeed, been argued that God's goodness, or else his power, is disproved by the storms which wreck the sailors and destroy the crops, and by the diseases which bring pain and death; and yet more by the sin and remorse which more or less find an entrance into every breast. But, relying on the other evidence of God's power and wisdom, we may rest assured that these seeming evils are allowed for wise purposes, perhaps as trials to encourage our efforts, and to make us not merely innocent, but virtuous. We therefore reject the doctrine of Original Sin and Infant Depravity, or that we are sinful because Adam was disobedient. We believe with the Psalmist,

"The Lord is good to all,
And his tender mercies are over all his works."

We reject also the doctrine of Eternal Punishment, as disproved both by God's Justice and his Goodness; and are sure that all punishment, whether before or after death, will be for our amendment; and we trust that the final state of all will be one of happi-

ness. This comforting doctrine we find fully taught in the Bible, notwithstanding many passages therein which threaten punishment against sin so strongly as to seem to teach otherwise.

7.—These theological opinions give shape to our religion, or to those feelings towards a Superior Being, which arise from a consciousness of our own weakness. His Justice leads us to fear him when we do wrong; but when we do right, His Goodness allows us to love him "with all the heart, and soul, and mind, and strength," as taught by Jesus Christ. We would also, as Jesus further ordered, worship him as a Father, and would address him in terms of praise to remind us of his Goodness to all his creatures, and with thanks for blessings received by ourselves, and with prayer for blessings wished for. And this we do in ignorance how far our prayers will be granted, but in trust that they will be granted so far as is wise. We would also address Him in terms of repentance for faults committed, and for duties not done, believing that the only offering required of us is a broken and a contrite heart, and hoping for forgiveness so far as we shall forgive others.

8.—This religion, or feeling towards God, teaches us our duty towards our fellow-creatures, and that the only service which God requires of us is "to love our neighbours as ourselves," and to do good to all.

9.—But while cherishing these opinions, we must not deceive ourselves so much as to think that we could have arrived at them by our own unaided reason. They have reached us through one generation of men after another from the earliest times, and chiefly through the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures. In the Old Testament we trace the growth of a pure Theology, rising higher and higher in each century, and in the Teachings of Jesus Christ we recognise a view of Religion, of our duty to God and his creatures, entirely suited to our wants and our conscience, and which is approved of by our reason, the power given to us for the purpose of trying the truth of all opinions. But to distinguish our opinions from those of other Christians, who have found in the New Testament what we think a mistaken theology, we call ourselves Unitarian Christians.

THE NEW PREACHER.

At a pleasant country station,
Full of eager expectation,
Sat a waiting congregation,
At church one Sunday morn.

The sun poured in a flood of light,
Which fell on heads by time made white,
On sunny curls and eyes of light,
That lovely Sunday morn.

There sat the young and beautiful—
There sat the good and dutiful—
The aged and the sorrowful—
That Christian Sunday morn.

There for the first, with form and feature
Resembling much a fellow-creature,
Within the pulpit their new preacher
Appeared that Sunday morn.

He spoke with freedom, zeal and power;
To him it was a blissful hour,
Twelve, tolled the bell in the old tower
That did the church adorn.

Some lingered at the close of meeting,
To give her brethren friendly greeting;
I've not the power of repeating
All that was said that noon.

For butcher, baker, lawyer, teacher,
People of every trade and feature,
All criticised the humble preacher,
That they had heard that morn.

The lawyer said, "He'll not suit me;
No flowery strains, nor fluency,
No logic, nor philosophy,
His sermon did adorn."

An old man said, "He spoke too low—
My hearing is not good, you know—
Besides, he reads too much; and so
I cannot like the man."

A sister said, "He is too tall,
His hands too large, his eyes too small;
I do not like his looks at all;
They've sent us the wrong man.

Another pious soul sincere,
Who gave full fifty pence a year.
Said to his consort fair, "My dear,
I never in my life

Did go to church to criticise:
But this vain man (he wiped his eyes,
And in a lower tone he sighs)
"I never will support."

But there are some, both wise and good,
A blessing to the neighbourhood,
Who spoke as Christians always should,
With Christian charity.

O, could the wind have talked and heard
Each idle, criticising word;
"The servant's not above his lord,"
Methinks 'twould sadly moan.

Useless attempt to please mankind;
Fault-finders you will always find,
Though all the virtues be combined
In any great divine. —*Presbyterian.*

DO MORE FOR MOTHER.

"Is there a vacant place in this bank which I could fill?" was the inquiry of a boy, as, with glowing cheek, he stood before the manager.

"There is none," was the reply. "Were you told that you might obtain a situation? Who recommended you?"

"No one recommended me, sir," calmly answered the boy. "I only thought I would see."

There was a straightforwardness in the manner, an honest determination in the countenance of the lad, which pleased the man of business, and induced him to continue the conversation. He said:

"You must have friends who could aid you in obtaining a situation; have you told them?"

The quick flash of the deep blue eyes was quenched in the overtaking wave of sadness, as he said, though half musingly:

"My mother said it would be useless to try without friends;" then, recollecting himself, he apologised for the interruption, and was about to withdraw, when the gentleman detained him by asking him why he did not remain at school a year or two, and then enter the business world.

"I have no time," was the reply. "I study at home, and keep up with the other boys."

"Then you have a place already?" said the interrogator. "Why do you leave it?"

"I have not left it," answered the boy, quietly.

"But you wish to leave it—what is the matter?"

For an instant the child hesitated; then he replied with half reluctant frankness: "I must do more for my mother!"

Brave words! Talisman of success anywhere, everywhere. They sank into the heart of the listener, recalling the radiant past. Grasping the hand of the astonished child, he said, with a quivering voice:

"My good boy, what is your name? You shall fill the first vacancy for an apprentice that occurs in the bank. If, meantime, you need a friend, come to me. But now give me your confidence. Why do you wish to do more for your mother?" "Have you no father?"

Tears filled the boy's eyes as he replied:

"My father is dead, my brothers and sisters are dead, and my mother and I are left alone to help each other. But she is not strong; and I wish to take care of her. It will please her, sir, that you have been so kind; and I am much obliged to you."

So saying, the boy left, little dreaming that his own nobleness of character had been as a bright glance of sunshine into that busy world he had so tremblingly entered. A boy animated by the desire to help his mother will always find friends.

MAXIMS FOR TEACHERS.

A TEACHER ought to be devout, but not doleful.

Saturate your daily life with true Christlikeness.

The Christian is the world's Bible, and the only one which it reads.

The nearer teachers live to the Saviour, the greater is their usefulness and power.

To teach, means to touch the mind of the scholar with the mind of the teacher.

Seek to give your teaching a practical bearing on the every-day scenes of the scholar's life.

Do not annoy your scholars with formal, nor disgust them with set or antiquated forms of speech.

Study to conform yourself to the peculiar temperaments and diversities of character of your scholars.

Do not forget that the Sunday-school is the place to impress upon young souls God's thoughts, not merely your own ideas.

Education is not the communication of results to the scholar, but the excitement of his powers and faculties to activity.

Sir Joshua Reynolds never began a picture without a determination to make it his best. Resolve that your teaching of every coming lesson shall be your best.

DEATH AND SLEEP.

It is not sleep itself, but just the opposite, "*waking up out of sleep.*' Those few words will probably describe it as perfectly as any words can. I suppose you experience something exactly analogous to death every morning. During the night your senses are locked fast in sleep. Still, you are not unconscious. You see things in your dreams, but you see them dimly. You work, and play, and wander over fields, and go to see friends, and friends come to see you; all the while shut into that dream-land which you explore at will. In that dream-world you have your griefs and pleasures, trials and joys. But there is another world all around you which for the time you do not see. Perhaps the morning sun rises and shines through the windows, and finds you sleeping still, living in that world of dreams and shadows. There is a bright sky over you, and the green earth all around you, and the morning air is broken into whirls and eddies of song from a thousand birds, but you see and hear nothing of all this, for sleep has locked you fast in that land of dreams. Good dreams they may be, giving you the images and impressions of the waking world; but they are not that waking world itself, only its image and representation. But by-and-by your senses unclose, the dream-world all vanishes, and lo! this other world of sky and earth, and woods and waters, is all given to your sight. How have you passed from that world of shadows into this real world of beauty and song? By going away somewhere? No, but by waking up. You open your eyes and pass from one world into another—not by travelling, but simply by the exercise of another set of faculties which have waked into consciousness. But please to understand that you have not yet waked into the highest world. There is a brighter one yet, compared with which all this outward scene is a land of dreams and shadows. What you saw in your sleep, compared with what you saw when you awoke, is as this world we now look upon compared with the one we shall see when death wakes us to a sight of its realities. We are in it now, though we sleep and dream, and therefore do not see it. Hence we find that good books call this a dream, and this world a fleeting show. As in those lines,—

> "This life is but a fleeting show;
> For man's illusion given."

Or, as the Psalmist has it, "Every man walketh in a vain show," or, as some render, "among empty shadows." They only mean that this outward life, with all its shows, is unreal and dim compared with the one which we wake into at the touch of death. "The fashion of this world passeth away," says an apostle. We shut our eyes on it at death and wake up in another, just as we wake from our night dreams into the midst of bright realities every morning. So friends, when they die, do not travel off into space to find the spiritual world. They have a sense within which simply wakes up to what before was all around and within them, though invisible. You have souls within you. These souls are the immortal and substantial part of you. The soul is the real man, having its own class of faculties, though closed and locked in a mortal body. Death is simply the waking up of those faculties to the bright and embracing world of immortality.

And I do not know that death will be our last waking. I do not know but we may have deeper senses yet, which death now may not touch and open. Perhaps we have ranges of faculties, one within another, each with its own world and modes of being, so that we may keep waking up, stage after stage, to brighter realms forever and ever away towards God, the central life and glory of all. I will not dogmatise; but who shall say that we may not to all eternity, at some of its stages, die to a more outward life and wake up to a more inward and real one? that after we have lived out the life of one world faithfully a new one will open more brightly and objectively, where there is a higher order of existence, and God reveals himself in diviner splendour—all coming from the successive waking up into intenser life of faculties that sleep already within us? Be that as it may, let us lay it up as a first truth, death is not a sleep, but a waking. This is our sleep,

our dull life in these sluggish bodies. Death wakes us out of this, and then it is morning.

In all that I have now said, I have considered myself as describing death as it is to good men and innocent children. I do not mean to say that it will wake every one immediately into a higher and brighter scene. But it will wake each one to see just the world he is already in and belongs to. It is a great mistake to think that God will raise men to heaven or send them to dismal abodes, merely because they die. Can we not grasp this great truth, that men go to a good world or a bad one before they die, and that death only touches them to wake them up, and show them where they are? Attend one moment and we can make this plain.

Here is a man who is sleeping in a pleasant garden, embowered in fragrant shades and blooming roses. Friends may be walking all around him, and watching his slumber, and birds of paradise may fling golden shadows over him from their wings; but he does not see all this. He is locked in his own world and only dreaming of it. He is asleep. By-and-by some friend comes and touches him and says, "Sleep no longer! wake to what is about you!" He does wake, and by the very act of waking becomes cognisant of all those pleasant things. He has not gone away somewhere to find them. He was among them before, and only waked up to see them. So it is with good men and good children. They are in heaven before they die in heart and spirit, with God and his Christ and his angels, for these draw around the good man—encamp round about him, as the Psalmist says, and death only wakes him that he may find himself among the sweet societies. Death comes to such as an angel friend—as if he would say as he touches them, "Sleep no more! wake up from those earth dreams to these blessed realities.

But again, there is a man asleep amid scenery very different from this; in some den of wretchedness, among evil companions, and perhaps angry words and blasphemies grate on his sleeping ear. He, too, is shut in to his dream-world.

Where will he be when he awakes? Just where he had placed himself. Amid evil companions, and in wretched abodes. He has waked up amid just the society which he covets and loves, and to just such pleasures as he is fitted to enjoy. He has not travelled away to find them. He was there before. Even so let us remember that bad men, before they die, have withdrawn from the communion of God, and heaven and angels. They have travelled away from these already, and death only wakes them up to where they are—the evil companionship which they love, and the dismal surroundings which it creates. Bear away, then, this momentous truth, that good deeds and pure affections make heaven; yea, that by these you travel into it, and death merely opens your eyes to its scenery; that evil dispositions and evil passions make hell; yea, that by these you travel into it now, and death opens your eyes to its scenery.

I trust I have shown you plain enough that death merely is not to be feared, but that the only momentous question is where death will find you. We dismiss the notion that after death we are to travel off somewhere through dreary spaces, and stop somewhere in unknown worlds. Our spiritual travelling is done before death. It is change of state, not change of place. What a blessed thought—that we are not to cross streams and dark valleys to find the happy abodes and peaceful homes, but that we may wake to higher life and find ourselves among the shining ones, just as we wake out of a dream in the morning and find ourselves in our homes and families. But in order to do this we must be of the same temper, spirit, and purpose. There is no such thing as going to heaven; but you may become heavenly-minded, and then death will wake you out of the more sluggish existence of earth, to the more visible realities of a heavenly world.

And how, you will ask, are we to become heavenly-minded? I have already implied how this may be. But to make it very plain, I present it in two points which you can remember.

First, we may become heavenly-minded by living to make others happy. That includes almost the whole. The

employments of heaven, as we read, consist in making others happy. That is what is meant by the word angel. It is a messenger, and a messenger of good, sent to bestow blessings. When we live to bless others we become like them, messengers of good. If the employments of earth only had this end in view, heaven would be brought down into all its affairs. If it is the aim and work of your life to be a blessing to others, you are living already the heavenly life, and you will be more openly and visibly in heaven when death wakes you to its scenery and surroundings.

But we cannot make others happy except we are good ourselves. And we cannot be good ourselves except as God makes us so by our communings with him, as he is revealed in His Christ, and thence seeks to form His own image both in men and in little children. I present in these two points the pith and essence of a great many sermons and even whole libraries. Live to make others happy and heaven is already entered; and in order to this, "Seek him who turneth the shadow of death into the morning."

The fact which I stated at the beginning is a very interesting one: that nearly half of those who die are children. In one view this depresses and saddens us, for it is so much of God's beautiful flock taken from the homes and pleasant haunts of earth. But when we remember that all this young life is flowing into the heavens and helps to keep them fresh and strong, the idea is forced upon us that children are needed there as well as here, and that the homes of heaven, like those of earth, are not full without them. We should not murmur then when called upon to "halve the lot" with those above us.

To us, these graves; to them, the rows
The mystic palm-trees spring in.
To us, the silence in the house;
To them, the choral singing.

E. H. Sears.

OUR NEIGHBOURS' CREEDS.

We take the following from a book written by the philosopher, Samuel Bailey, "The Bentham of Hallamshire." It is a useful summary of our duty as controversialists to those who are unlearned or misguided in the great truths which concern our peace:—

"By what description of men is the presumptuous madness, the mischievous utterance, of persecution and intolerance, exhibited? Is the sacred function of judge assumed by those who have patiently and perseveringly sought after the truth?—those who have devoted their days and their nights to discover the will of the Almighty? On the contrary. The office from which the wise and conscientious man humbly shrinks, is assumed by the most ignorant of mankind—men who have never bestowed an hour on the investigation of truth.

"But although men have no right to assume the judge and condemn each other, has a man *no* duty to perform to his fellow-men in this momentous affair? Is there *no* obligation on him to act with the view of conferring benefit or averting evil?

"Yes. The duty of everyone to God requires a full and fair examination of religion; and the assistance which I can render to others is by encouraging them to enter upon that task, and by enlightening their understandings—by inciting them to adequate investigation, and by presenting to them what I conceive to be the grounds on which the decision of the question rests. (An assistance which, if a man thinks proper to render it, he ought also to be willing to receive.) In this mutual encouragement and assistance, the enlightened and eminent few may be of infinite service to the human race at large, as well as to those immediately around them, by the plain and simple exposition of their own views, and by submitting to general examination the processes and results of inquiries not within the *unassisted* reach of their less fortunate neighbours. Nothing, surely, can be a nobler employment than this.

"It would have been fortunate for the world if such had always been the conduct of mankind; if they had been fully aware that the only interference with each other's religious opinions which ever could or ever can be justified is—an appeal to the power of distinguishing truth from falsehood, conferred upon them alike by their All-wise Creator."

THE RICH MAN AND LAZARUS.

PREACHERS who wish to make a powerful sensation, and excite fear to its highest point, are fond of dwelling on this parable; and writers who wish to discredit Christianity, and lessen the value of the New Testament, they are equally pleased to refer to this parable of Christ's. It is simply absurd to fancy that the language of the Saviour can here be literally true. We are sorry to find so good a book as Miss Cobbe's last volume disfigured by a reference to this, as if Christ had taught a literal and endless hell. That the selfish, the proud, and vicious plunge themselves into misery and separate themselves from the good for a time, by an impassable gulf, we must admit. Does Christ say this state is endless? No. A writer in the "Universalist," says:—

"If regarded as a veritable account of two men who had lived and died, it is very far from sustaining the doctrine of endless punishment; that orthodox interpreters have been greatly pressed how to interpret all its incidents in harmony with their system of belief; and that it has even been regarded by a few of those who think a narrative of facts, as affording evidence in favour of remedial future punishment, and the restoration of the lost in the ages to come.

"We wish now to call attention to the fact that nearly all the more reliable interpreters have settled down in the conclusion that the story is a parable. It bears the impress of this upon its face. To believe otherwise would require us also to believe that which is now very generally disbelieved by all intelligent Christians: that the fires in the future hell in which it is said sinners are to be punished, are material flames; that heaven and hell are so near each other as to afford facilities for the intercommunication of their respective inhabitants; that they are only separated by a deep chasm, or "great gulf;" that the repose or rest of the righteous is to be literally in the bosom of Abraham; and that the lost ones in hell, though condemned to its flames, are yet filled with affections of kindness and love for their kindred and friends.

"Archbishop Trench places it among the parables, in his 'Notes on the Parables of our Lord,' as if its parabolic character were never disputed, and therefore needed no proof. Adam Clarke says, in his comments upon it, 'This account of the Rich Man and Lazarus is either a parable or a real history'—which is certainly a very safe, if not a very wise, remark. Albert Barnes calls it a parable, in his notes on the chapter in which it is found. Kenrick, in his 'Exposition,' tells us that it cannot be supposed to be an exact account of the future hell and heaven of Christians.' Livermore says that 'There is no reason to suppose that this is a literal history, any more than other parables of Christ.' Hannah Adams calls it 'an instructive parable.' Archbishop Tillotson tells us that in some ancient manuscripts, the passage is introduced in these words: 'And he spake a parable unto them, saying, There was a certain rich man,' &c. Whitby gives his reasons for calling it a parable, one of which is that it was not original with our Lord, but that it is found in ancient Jewish uncanonical writings. Hammond offers it as a principal reason for so regarding it, that it is found elsewhere.

"We have a purpose in furnishing so fully the evidence of the parabolical character of the story. We would emphasise the truth, that it is to be read as a parable, and interpreted only as a parable. Thousands regard it as the story of real men who had lived and died, and come to the different conditions so graphically portrayed. And there are interpreters, who while admitting it to be a parable, and calling it so, proceed directly to expound it as a piece of literal history. Forgetting, to all appearance, the definition of a parable as given by Dr. Johnson, that it is 'a relation under which something else is figured,' their interpretations of the passage are in no respect different from what they would be, if it were a veritable account of the lives, fortunes, and future destiny of the two men who are brought before us in the story. Let it be remembered that the whole ac-

count is a parable. It is to be understood and explained as a parable. The words themselves prove nothing; what is figuratively set forth in the incidents of the story, is the doctrine it was designed by our Lord, in relating it, to enforce."

JOHN STUART MILL ON THE CHARACTER OF CHRIST.

"THE most valuable part of the effect on the character which Christianity has produced by holding up in a divine person a standard of excellence and a model for imitation, is available even to the absolute unbeliever, and can never more be lost to humanity. For it is Christ rather than God whom Christianity has held up to believers as the pattern of perfection for humanity. It is the God incarnate more than the God of the Jews or of nature, who, being idealised, has taken so great and salutary a hold on the modern mind. And whatever else may be taken away from us by rational criticism, Christ is still left; a unique figure, not more unlike all his precursors than all his followers, even those who had the direct benefit of his personal teaching.

"It is of no use to say that Christ, as exhibited in the Gospels, is not historical, and that we know not how much of what is admirable has been superadded by the tradition of his followers. The tradition of followers suffices to insert any number of marvels, and may have inserted all the miracles which he is reputed to have wrought.

"But who among his disciples or among their proselytes was capable of inventing the sayings ascribed to Jesus, or of imagining the life and character revealed in the Gospels? Certainly not the fishermen of Galilee; as certainly not St. Paul, whose character and idiosyncrasies were of a totally different sort; still less the early Christian writers, in whom nothing is more evident than that the good which was in them was all derived, as they always professed that it was derived, from the higher source. What could be added and interpolated by a disciple we may see in the mystical parts of the Gospel of St John, matter imported from Philo and the Alexandrian Platonists, and put into the mouth of the Saviour in long speeches about himself, such as the other Gospels contain not the slightest vestige of, though pretended to have been delivered on occasions of the deepest interest, and when his principal followers were all present; most prominently at the Last Supper. The East was full of men who could have stolen any quantity of this poor stuff, as the multitudinous Oriental sects of Gnostics afterwards did.

"But about the life and sayings of Jesus there is a stamp of personal originality combined with profundity of insight which, if we abandon the idle expectation of finding scientific precision where something very different was aimed at, must place the Prophet of Nazareth, even in the estimation of those who have no belief in his inspiration, in the very first rank of the men of sublime genius of whom our species can boast. When this pre-eminent genius is combined with the qualities of probably the greatest moral reformer and martyr to that mission who ever existed upon earth, religion cannot be said to have made a bad choice in pitching on this man as the ideal representative and guide of humanity; nor even now would it be easy, even for an unbeliever, to find a better translation of the rule of virtue from the abstract into the concrete than to endeavour so to live that Christ would approve our life. When to this we add that to the conception of the rational sceptic it remains a possibility that Christ actually was what he supposed himself to be, not God—for he never made the smallest pretension to that character, and would probably have thought such a pretension as blasphemous as it seemed to the men who condemned him—but a man charged with a special, express, and unique commission from God to lead mankind to truth and virtue, we may well conclude that the influences of religion on the character which will remain after rational criticism has done its utmost against the evidences of religion are well worth preserving, and what they lack in direct strength as compared with those of a firmer belief, is more than compensated by the greater truth and rectitude of the morality they sanction."
—*From "Theism."*

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT,

POET AND JOURNALIST.

THE American papers speak with a just pride of this distinguished man, whose eightieth birthday has now been celebrated. He is sometimes regarded as the first great poet of the Western Continent. We all know his beautiful hymn in Martineau's Collection, "O, deem not they are blest alone." We have the more pleasure in reading of the honours paid to him in New York and other cities, from the fact that he has been for half a century a consistent and outspoken Unitarian. He is one of the executive committee of the American Unitarian Association. At this season a few lines of his on "The Past" may be read with interest. To him the past is a considerable vista, when he tells us his remembrance of Buonaparte filling the post of the First Consul in the French Republic. He is one of the few, now living, who witnessed the first efforts among Unitarians of both our country and his own to promote their views.

Thou unrelenting Past!
Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain,
And fetters, sure and fast,
Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

Thou hast my better years,
Thou hast my earlier friends—the good, the kind,
Yielded to thee with tears!
The venerable form, the exalted mind.

My spirit yearns to bring
The lost ones back; yearns with desire intense,
And struggles hard to wring
Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence.

In vain; thy gates deny
All passage save to those who hence depart—
Nor to the streaming eye
Thou giv'st them back, nor to the broken heart.

Thine for a space are they;
Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last;
Thy gates shall yet give way,
Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past!

All that of good and fair
Has gone into thy womb from earliest time
Shall then come forth to wear
The glory and the beauty of its prime.

They have not perished; no!
Kind words, remembered voices once so sweet,
Smiles radiant long ago,
And features, the great soul's apparent seat,—

All shall come back; each tie
Of pure affection shall be knit again;
Alone shall Evil die,
And Sorrow dwell a prisoner in thy reign.

A NIGHT IN A BOAT.

"TELL me a story," Harry said, climbing upon his uncle Robert's lap; "a story about a bad boy."

It was one of Harry's greatest pleasures to have Uncle Robert tell him a story, and he liked, the best of all, stories about bad boys.

"A bad boy?" said Uncle Robert. "I have told you about all the bad boys I ever knew, excepting myself."

"Were you a bad boy?" asked Harry.

"Sometimes. Once my bad conduct almost cost my life. Shall I tell you about that?"

"Yes, please."

"I was just seven years old, and my mother had taken a cottage at Bay Ridge for the summer, when this particularly naughty act of mine happened. We were rich folks, but I had lost my father, and was not always as obedient to my mother as I should have been. Our new cottage was very pleasant, and I was very happy there; but one of my greatest pleasures caused my mother so much anxiety that she finally forbade my enjoying it. I was fond, Harry, of going to the river, getting into a row-boat fastened there, and rocking up and down on the water. When the man mother employed to care for the horses had time to row me out upon the river mother allowed me to go with him, but she strictly forbade my getting into the boat alone. Being, as I have told you, a naughty boy about minding, I still went to the river whenever I could escape from home, and would spend hours rocking in the little row-boat, until I would be missed, discovered, and brought home.

"One evening, just before bed-time, I slipped away from the parlour, where mother had company, and ran down to the boat. I remember I had on a very thin suit — for the day had been hot —and no hat. I found the boat in its usual place, tied to a stump, and climbed in, wetting my feet through a pair of thin kid slippers. Nobody missed me, for the moon rose while I rocked up and down and at last fell asleep. When I awoke, cold and shivering, I sat up in the boat, rubbed my eyes, and then gave a great cry of terror; for

the boat, instead of being tied fast to the shore, was floating down the river, not very fast, but already in a strange and unfamiliar place. The moonlight made everything around me as plain as if it were day-time, and I was all alone on the water, drifting out to sea.

"When I had slipped out of the drawing-room I had kissed my mother good-night; so she thought I was quietly sleeping in my little bed, instead of drifting alone in a little open boat far out upon the water. The current was strong, and I went on and on, out further and further from home, mother, and safety.

"I was but seven years old, and had no thought of help coming to me. I seemed to know that if any of the great steamers I had so often watched were to pass, they would easily ride over my little boat, and sink it with me. I cried bitterly. I even stood up in the boat, waving my handkerchief and shouting; but there was no one to hear me. I was suffering, too, from the chill night air, which was like an iced bath through my thin clothes. My feet were numb, my hands aching, and I shivered as I tried to get some warmth by buttoning my little jacket around me.

"It was after midnight, I knew later, and I was sobbing in my boat, when I thought of saying my prayers. God, I thought, would not help a naughty, disobedient boy, who had brought his trouble upon himself by doing what he had been forbidden to do; but if I was drowned I wanted to pray, to say I was sorry, very sorry, I had been so bad. So I knelt down and said the Lord's Prayer first, and then I prayed to be saved. I prayed with all my childish heart that God would send some one out upon the water to take me back to my mother. Never would I disobey her again.

"I was crouched on my knees in the bottom of the boat, my face hidden on the seat, crying, praying, shivering, when I heard a great shout:—

"'Robert! Robert!'

"I tried to answer, but my sobs choked me. I stood up, and could see far behind me, but coming closer and closer, a boat rowed by two men, and in it a lady. When I stood up there was a great shout from the boat:—

"'There he is! There is your boy, ma'am'. And then I knew that my own dear mother was in the boat—my mother, who was so afraid of the water that we could never coax her out for a pleasure-sail, but who had come in the night to find her boy. After her friends had left her, she had gone to my little room to find the bed empty. Frightened, she ran to the river, and found the boat was gone. My poor mother, frightened as she was, roused the man-servant, sent for another boat, and insisted upon coming herself in search of me.

"Oh! how long it seemed before the boat following mine reached it, and I was lifted into my mother's arms. All alone, drifting on the water, God himself must have guarded me, Harry, and directed my mother to me. I was very ill for a long time, chilled by the night air, and excited by fear into a fever. In my delirium I was always floating alone in the open boat, crying and praying, and for many days my mother thought I must die; that she had found me only to lose me again. But I did get well at last, and I learned one lesson, Harry—to mind my mother, or those older than myself."

"Were you ever a bad boy again?"

"I am afraid I was, very often; but never again a disobedient one."

THE FAITHFUL SECRETARY.

THE hand of death has removed from among us in London a wise and good man—Mr. William N. Green—who to the last and uttermost devoted himself to the prosperity of our churches and schools. For over forty years he has employed his spare time as a teacher or superintendent, committeeman or secretary, among our societies. He was to be seen at every important meeting. His earnestness was evident in every word he uttered. He was pre-eminently, as a city merchant, a just man, and his integrity was a pillar of strength to every cause he espoused. If all who profess our Unitarian views were governed by the same spirit of fidelity to them as was Mr. Green, our position among the churches would this day be one entirely different, and honoured, from what it now is. We shall ever gratefully remember his words, so correct an index of his life, and so useful to be ever before us. "I have *never*," said he, "absented myself from my place of worship when I had been able during the week to attend my place of business." And again: "I never allowed the weather to cause my absence from my Sunday-school duties." God bless the memory of such a man! Amen.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

His Cross.—A rich but parsimonious old gentleman, on being taken to task for his uncharitableness, said, "True, I don't give much; but if you only knew how it hurts when I give anything you wouldn't wonder."

A Wise Choice.—I would rather dwell in the dim fog of superstition than in air rarefied to nothing by the air-pump of unbelief; in which the panting breast expires, vainly and convulsively gasping for breath.—*Jean Paul.*

Bismark and the Papacy.—This distinguished statesman recently avowed he had documents in his possession which proved that the Jesuits were the main instruments that hurried the French nation into the late disastrous war.

The Power of Prejudice.—A humble man who is now a regular attendant at Unitarian worship said a little time ago, "so great was the prejudice of his mind at one time, that he never went along the street in which was a Unitarian chapel, without preferring the opposite side of the road."

Cheerful Set.—A witty lady says of the people of a university town, "They are very pleasant, very intellectual, very delightful in a distant sort of way, and talk to you like so many books; but when you approach them socially, they all climb into their genealogical trees as though they were frightened."

A Great Sham.—Convocation meets again in a few days. Canon Girdlestone says of it, "If there ever was a gigantic sham endeavonred to be palmed off upon the people of England, undoubtedly Convocation was that sham." His own wonder was how a bubble with so thin a skin had not burst to pieces long ago.

A Hard Case for Conversion.—A lady informed one of our correspondents, she once ventured into a Unitarian chapel, but had no sooner taken her seat, than a kind of dizziness affected her from which she did not recover till she was again outside the chapel door. She spoke of her dizziness as a visitation of God to save her from the Unitarian heresy.

Importance of Companionship.—If we wish to strengthen our conviction in reality and unselfishness, we should seek as much as possible to bring our own life into close contact *with what is genuine in our fellowmen.* We cannot help measuring the great world by the little world of our experience, and we have the choice of this so far in our company and our friendships.—*Rev. John Ker.*

Necessity of Rectitude.—The Bible from first to last insists upon personal righteousness. Common life, or society, teaches us also that a salvation that did not insist upon virtue would be the destruction of society in all its interests. If heaven could be sustained and peopled by faith without good works, earth, at least, could not.

A Strong Church.—"Is it a strong congregation?" asked a man respecting a large body of worshippers. "Yes," was the reply. "How many members are there?" "Seventy-six." "Seventy-six! Are they so very wealthy?" "No they are poor." "How then do you say it is a strong Church?" "Because," said the gentleman, "they are earnest, devoted, at peace, loving each other, and striving together to do the Master's work. Such a congregation is strong, whether composed of a dozen or five hundred members!" And he spoke the truth.

How to Put Children to Bed.—Not with a reproof for any of that day's sins of omission or commission. Take any other time but bed-time for that. If you ever heard a little creature sighing or sobbing in its sleep, you could never do this. Seal their closing eyelids with a kiss and a blessing. The time will come, all too soon, when they will lay their heads upon their pillows lacking both. Let them then at least have this sweet memory of a happy childhood, of which no future sorrow or trouble can rob them. Give them their rosy youth. Nor need this involve wild license. The judicious parent will not so mistake my meaning. If you have ever met the man or woman whose eyes have suddenly filled when a little child has crept trustingly to its mother's breast, you may have seen one in whose childhood's home "Dignity" and "Severity" stood where Love and Pity should have been. Too much indulgence has ruined thousands of children; too much Love not one.—*Fanny Fern.*

The following are the terms for supplying the Christian Freeman and Record of Unitarian Worthies, post free:—

	s.	d.
1 copy, per year	2	0
2 copies „	3	6
3 „ „	5	6
5 „ „	6	0

Thirty copies and upward at 1d. per copy, post free.

Communications to be addressed to the Rev. R. Spears, 19, Mornington-road, Bow-road, London, E.

Printed by Samuel Taylor, Graystoke-place, Fetter-lane, London, and the trade supplied by Edward T. Whitfield, 178, Strand, London.